No, yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelves,
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night,
To anſwer all the debt he ows to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſpe a ſecret book,
And to your quick conceiving diſcontents
Ile read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventerous ſpirit,
As to o're walk a currant roaring lowd
On the unſteadfull footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt unto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more ſtirres
To rowze a lyon, then to ſtart a hare

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, me thinks it were an eaſie leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottome of the deep,
Where fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrivall, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the form of what he ſhould attend;
Good couſin give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keep them all.
By God he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not,

Ile